

Capt. C. H. Gray's Speech at his reception  
at Richmond, Ky.

ported it to Col. Sambrano the commanding officer of the guard. He immediately ordered me to go. I and Horland, under a strong guard, advanced; unaccountably, however, the colonel demanded the guard to open the ranks, so as to get out of arms reach of our men. Seeing their preparations, we supposed the time had come for the execution, and he riding down the ranks under perfect control, he ordered the ranks to advance. He then ordered the ranks to lie down, according to order, gave the word to his horse and escaped. The Colonel supposed that we were plotting to rise upon the guard; and Horland, I firmly confirmed him in the opinion:—He ordered me to take charge, which they then promptly obeyed, having no arms, and not enough to allow some momentum in the advance. I was alone and about twenty yards from the road back and ordered the men to lie down, which they did; told the Colonel that they were innocent—that they had no arms. He then told three lanceurs to lance me. One at each side, and one in the rear; he with his sabre aloft. Seeing this, and the Lieutenant with his sabre aloft, I placed me in no very agreeable attitude. Suggesting to the lanceurs that as they began to lie them, I assure you that I was not slow in taking in my own defence; I saw that I had no right of him's design to escape—that he had not a key in his own way or the other—the laws of war, I could not, independently, and he would not, have permitted me to escape. The lanceur's act—that there was no intention to harm the guard—was that to kill me would be murder. I was of noble family at home—my countrymen. Believing, as I am, I was in that manner, that I told the truth, they spared me.

The whole people do not exceed eight million; about two millions are white and mixed bloods, the remainder are native Indians. I never, in all Mexico, with the exception of Foreigners in the Capital, saw a single white man at work. Wherever there is slavery, it is maintained by the ignorant natives who rather than to work! Yet Mexico surpasses the slave States of America in Manufactures! As Rome was overrun by the Barbarians so in Mexico now by the Americans, the slaves will not fight the masters any too few to defend themselves. The clergy are despising the mind—the corruption of the Church has destroyed the morals of the people; the oppressions of the masters have exhausted the lands. Mexico is decreasing in population and its resources are falling off. Her cities are decaying, her public works failing to ruin. She has lived by the sword, she must perish by the sword. The time for her to die has come." Yet like South Carolina, Mexico is a slave State. She exports her ships to France, France the world—and consequently, Mexico is the mistress of the world! Yet fifty thousand Americans conquer eight millions of souls. The clergy plunder the people, the army now begin to play the tyrant. The country is divided into provinces, the provinces

mines of New Mexico. The blood of the innocent has been shed, and do injustice. But blood having already been shed, and injustice already done, I would claim my rights. I contend that the line proposed by the President of the United States, running through the center of the earth, south of the Gila mountains, the North, and thence due West to the Pacific is not too much indemnity for what Mexico has done. I would for this pay her not one cent. If you want to pay her, pay her for Texas. But these propositions, and never will be. She has not extended to them the protection of the Federal Government. They are subject to Indian attack and pillage. They have few people, and would never throw a disturbing force into our country.

What claim does Mexico set up to them? Has she any other than conquest? Has she allowed any Indian of the country to retain a fee simple in the soil of his ancestors? What does she show "magnanimity" in? I have not now any claim, but I have much respect for any other claim, than that of labor, upon the soil. Mexico cannot entitle this country, we can, and we will, if we ever do, hereafter, and we will. Shall we even now, to bestow a title than none of us can be in a better condition to assume our will than now? Then why not, as Mr. Pointsett advises, to Mexico? You owe us much money; you refuse to pay it, and you take to this line, standing army for the peril! The present standing army is sufficient for the purpose. Disarm your volunteers; and

Mr. WILKES declared that he thought it his duty to oppose the motion, as originally intended, respecting only Lord Cornwallis and all the subsequent amendments, because, in his idea, every part of it conveyed an approbation of the American war—a war unfounded in principle, and fatal in its consequences to this country. He had condemned it, he said, at the beginning, and he regularly opposed its progress in every stage both in and out of Parliament. The eminent and very important service to his Majesty and this country, mentioned in the motion, he entirely disapproved, and consequently should withhold his thanks and gratitude where he did not think them warranted, in a war of glaring injustice and wretched policy."

On this motion, Mr. Fox addressed the House, and he beg to read a short extract from the report of the debate:

"He allowed the merits of the officers now in question, but he made a distinction between thanks and praise. He might admire their valor, but he could not separate the intention from the action; they were united, in his mind; there they formed one whole, and he would not attempt to divide them. He would not vote the thanks of the

my heart and my eyes are turned to the concerns. The resolution speaks of glory. That glory I look upon as our shame! We have won no glory in this war which I desire to share, for it has been acquired in a cause which I believe has not been sustained by justice; and there can be no glory without its justice. There can be glitter, and there can be glare, but no glory separate from truth, righteousness, and justice; and believing that the whole of this transaction from beginning to end, instead of adding anything to our national glory, has detracted from it—that instead of clothing our national character with just renown, it has rendered our name a shame and a reproach to the friends of free principles, wherever the history of our doings in Mexico are known—I must, as one humble individual, withhold now and forever, my vote of thanks or approbation to those who have been instrumental in carrying on the war.

Mr. BUTLER. I am somewhat astonished at the views taken by the gentlemen from New Hampshire. Yet, perhaps, I ought not to be astonished this morning at the views which he has expressed, when I refer to the peculiar opinions which he introduced on another subject, a few days

Statesman who stood up in the Parliament of Great Britain, and maintained that the cause of the American colonies—the cause of human liberty and human rights—against the arm of that Power which was then endeavoring to crush the spirit of freedom bursting into life in these colonies. I have not undertaken to mark out for a single individual the course he is to pursue on this floor in reference to this subject; nor do I ask any to follow that course which I myself adopt. But so long as I have the honor of occupying a place here, I must follow my convictions, let them lend me where they will. When I cannot follow my convictions, I will not come here. The honorable Senator has referred to some remarks which I made the other day, upon the occasion of presenting a memorial in reference to the subject to which he alluded. I think that the Senator undertook to characterize that memorial, and the course which I adopted on that occasion, in terms which may to the least, if he had known all the facts, he would not have employed. What was the character of that memorial? Did it ask the Senate to transcend any of its acknowledged powers? No. It was

states that from a single Sunday School in this place, containing fourteen teachers and one hundred and thirty scholars, sixty-nine have joined the church the past year.

**JEWISH CONGRESS.**—A congress of reforming Israelites were to meet in the course of the last month at Berlin, Prussia, to discuss questions relative to the exterior worship, and to the reforms of which Judaism may be susceptible, in accordance with the wants of the age.

**PRISON DISCIPLINE.**—The King of Sweden thinking the authors of the work on prisons among prisoners, has sent a gold medal to M. Bonhomme, Procureur de Roi at Versailles, as a testimony of his satisfaction at that magistrate's recent work on prison discipline.

**DEATH OF A MINISTER.**—The Rev. Dr. Taylor Bragg, the late pastor of the Madison street Methodist Church, died at Springfield, on the 15th ult., aged 32 years.

**NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.**—At a meeting of the Fall River Railroad, held on the 20th ult. it was resolved, with only one dissenting voice, that as spirituous liquors be transported over the road.

**UNION MEETING.**—A Jersey city paper states that arrangements have been made in that city for union meetings for service, to be held in the Presbyterian church.

**CHAPLAIN FOR HAVANA.**—The American Seamen's Friend Society are about to send to the Rev. Mr. Knight, as chaplain to American on an English sloop in Havana.











## The Poet's April.

BY W. JACKSON BOSCHWORTH,  
Author of "Lays, Legends, and Lyrics."

Mourning o'er his lone condition,  
Sate the poet in his grief,  
Drinking at a dead fountain,  
Vainly hoping for relief.  
"Fate, alas! is insupportable,"  
Cried the poet in despair,  
"Or a child of song might wander  
Happily in a world so fair."  
I have heard my visions clearly,  
Warmly worshipped at their shrine,  
Being a page to Love and Beauty  
In their home to the Nine.  
But, ah! me and my devoted  
Thus to end in carling care,  
Toiling for the world of others,  
Reaping for myself despair.  
It was folly, this dreaming,  
Thus to waste the precious time,  
Smoothing gems for other garlands,  
Beating air to make it rhyme;  
But I'll walk in other pathways,  
Dream no more of hill or dell;  
So farewell, fantastic shadows,  
I will break the poet's spell!"

Onward with the wealth-pursuer  
Maid the faltering child of song,  
Priming worship upon manum,  
Joining in the maddest throng.  
Up and down the crowded city,  
Round the various forms of life,  
Hang the drooping shades of sorrow,  
Sad the signs of care and strife.  
Headless of the wants of others,  
Careless of the plaintive cry,  
Proud men scorn their needy brothers,  
Strong men pass the weaker by.  
Toiling, struggling, ever restless,  
Grieving, holding, crying more,  
Living, hoping, fearing, dying,  
Such is life, and seldom more.

Once again, with heart uplifted,  
Sits the poet by his lyre,  
Preaching truth in flowing numbers,  
Teaching men the words of fire.  
Gaily sounds his joyous music:  
In the palace, cottage, cell,  
All men feel its soothing cheering,  
Millions hear the words of life.  
Pictorial to the mind he maketh,  
Sketches with all the painter's skill;  
Here the mountain, there the valley,  
Down the silver, winding rill.  
Then the grove, with crowded foliage,  
Shades, retreats, and aylvan bowers,  
All encreased in the sunshine,  
We behold, and make them ours.  
Love he sings, while others strive,  
Hope he breathes to toiling men,  
Faith and joy, and peace and freedom,  
All flash from his golden pen.  
Let us therefore learn his precepts,  
Which in measure'd raptures swell,  
And rejoice in such a blessing  
As the poet's mighty spell.

## The French at Brighton.

Mrs. Mary Jenkins, Periwinkle House, Marine Parade, Brighton, presents her compliments, and—at this inimitable time—begs of Mr. Punch a corner in his beautiful journal for her little letter. If Mrs. Mary Jenkins was in Parliament—as, indeed, women ought to be—she would not trouble Mr. P., but give the country a bit of her mind from her seat in the House. As it is, being a lone woman and a widow, she hopes she may be permitted to save her country through the newspapers.

## Periwinkle House, Brighton, Jan. 25.

"Mr. Punch. The more I look at the opposite coast of France (and I've a telescope for the first time), as I may say, sweeps the Channel clean as a new pin) the more I'm certain of danger from our northern enemies. I sit spying at my window till, sometimes, I think I see no end of flat-bottomed boats at Dieppe, full of soldiers and horses, and baggage wagons. My girls, to comfort me, tell me it's the clouds; but I only hope it isn't the smoke of the enemy's smokers."

"My letter, I am proud to say, has put the whole town in a twitter. Lodgings have come down to nothing. First floors have come down to second, and there's next to no difference between backs and fronts. In fact, the whole place is—A Town to Let, and Nobody to Take it."

"I am now happy to say that all the blame laid at my door. Yes Periwinkle House bears it all. When people abused me for my letter, I cried a little at first; but it's sweet to find what spirit persecution puts into a body. It's as good as another shawl to a woman!"

"Do you want to ruin Brighton, Ma'am; do you want to make it another Polynia; another This? said Mr. P. \* \* \* to me, of the Circulating Library. 'People have sent home *Nine and Ten*, and I don't know what, because they couldn't get through 'em so near the sea! Do you want to make the place a desert, Ma'am; a desert without a single Old Acis?'"

"I said nothing. Only this. When the French had come, how he'd thank me for that beautiful letter. As poor Jenkins used to say—and now I believe him—if you want to serve your country, mind you can afford to pay for it. However, I have made up my mind to suffer, and nothing shall disappoint me."

"Mr. Punch, now I know the truth of what PROFESSOR TOADSHOULDER said here, in his lecture 'On the Vitality of Blue-bottles,' at the Old Ship. 'Everybody,' says he, 'is born with a mission.' At first, I thought 'mission' was only a knowing name for a 'caul.' However, at last I found it out. For, as the Professor said, folks have sometimes to wait to learn it. My mission is to—save Brighton! Jenkins used to say I'd a good deal of gunpowder in my veins; and now he's gone, I don't mind owning it. 'Human nature,' said the Professor, 'is always the same.' Well, we have had a JOAS of ARC; which, we all the stronger reason for having a MARY of BRIGHTON! Nature isn't like a tea-caddy, but keeps supplying herself."

"And now, Mr. Punch, I have something to say that will make the very horse-hair of the Horse-Guards stand on end. You know I told you that I had taken a many French lodgers. 'Well, Sir, there was the COMTE DE FILLOU, PRINCE CERCA-COA, and others I don't remember, that, last autumn, lodged with me. They went away, leaving a portmanteau to be sent for. As I've never heard of 'em since, and they only gave JULIE half-a-crown among 'em, I haven't hesitated to open the luggage; and a blessed thing it is I did. For there, Mr. Punch, (I used to see 'em twiddling with compasses, and rules, and I don't know what, on paper,) for there is the whole plan, drawn and colored, of an attack upon this blessed Brighton. There isn't an alley that isn't down—not a courtyard that they don't know every bit of. Not only so, the plan of an attack, but of fortifying and keeping the place afterwards."

"As the best I could have it, Mr. STRATTON, a playwright, is lodging with me two pairs front, it being the dull season at this moment. I believe he has served in the army, for once I heard him say, 'Nobody knew what in his time he had taken from the French' (He's now doing an original play, such a sweet thing to be called. Isn't it particularly odd that the *Woman has Brought Home the Linen*?) Well, I showed the Frenchman's papers to Mr. S., and he explained all the mischief to me. B, X, K, C, Z, and other innocent looking letters of the alphabet—mean no less than Bastions, and Redoubts, and Ravellings, and Horn-works, (that's the

very word) and Casemates, or Checkmates, and Crests of Glasses."

I knew it; a certain cold shiver that I always have when mischief's coming, told me as much; the French know all about Brighton, and have, at this moment, the addresses of all the best families, with what money every father can give his daughters, down in their pocket-books."

"I don't wish to alarm the townspeople; but I must perform my mission. The French will land here, there's no doubt about that, if they can; and, once here, they're going to throw up all sorts of things, so that they'll never go away again. They intend, according to the paper before me, (I've Mr. STRATTON's word for it) to draw a curtain clean before the Pavilion; to command High Street with a battery of brass guns; to build a redoubt right opposite the playhouse, with a drawbridge to suffer nobody to go into it! Then, with Horn-work right before the Town Hall, and angles, (as I understood Mr. S.) commanding the Market House, why Brighton has no help for it, but to kiss the foot of the haughty invader for ever and for ever!"

"With this fact, Sir, staring us boldly in the face, I do think HER MAJESTY must be induced to return to the Pavilion. It would so rally Brighton and the tradespeople about her. People (I only wish they'd mind their own business) have run down the Pavilion because it's more Indian than English. As Mr. MOGGS sweetly says in his *Guide to us*, persons who do so 'might as reasonably quarrel with the flowers of the parterre—the lively carnation, or the painted tulip! And then, Sir, why shouldn't HER MAJESTY, as the Queen of the East Indies, have an Indian Palace? The sun, (as GEEKINS used to say), if he would, couldn't set up on HER MAJESTY'S dominions, and why shouldn't she have a palace—from the Chinese down to the Hottentot—to match every one of 'em? But I'm much afraid that public spirit and public building won't act with dear GEORGE THE FOURTH. If he could only know what was going on at the Pavilion, I'm sure his loyal and affectionate subjects would see him again on the Chain Pier, as *Meg Merrilies* says—by moonlight. However, Sir, to return to the French."

"I have some hope that I have touched the heart, and struck upon the cords of Brighton. And Sir, as one little example is better than all the talk in the world—(as dear GEEKINS said when he knocked down a brute of a fellow that once insulted me)—I have already put my house upon the war establishment."

"I have purchased a fowling-piece, and cartridge-box, with a small sword for JELLY, the page, a boy of great spirit (you should only see him, on an errand, jump over the posts; though of course, as his mistress, I'm obliged to wink at it). If that boy isn't as good as any two French grenadiers, English beef and pudding may henceforth go for nothing. He's getting on wonderful, too, at the sword exercise; and on boiled leg-of-mutton days practices a good hour at least, 'cutting six' at the turnips."

"I've no doubt—from what I see going on next door—that this example will spread; and so in the Book of Glory, may expect a beautiful place for the Pages of Brighton. 'As for BERNIE, the house-maid—Mary, the all-work—and SUSAN, the cook, I have had made for them three beautiful dresses, after LEXY LAMB; and at the first alarm they will appear upon the beach to succor our regular troops, or the irregular militia, as *Fighting de Regiments*. If every lodging-house in Brighton does half as much, shall we have a nice force—unmatched, as I believe they call it?"

"And should that day arrive, Mr. Punch, there will be found a woman, who—when the French shall leap upon the shore—will cry like a trumpet—"

"'Ur, Gals! and at 'em!'"

"In the meanwhile, I am working for the Militia that is to be formed a set of colors in blood-red, mixed (whatever people may say) with my own hair; and—and—meanwhile rest—"

"Yours to command,

"M. GEEKINS."

"P. S.—I will send you an early copy of the speech, before I present the flag!"—Punch.

## A Goose Mary.

At the flour mills of Tinslerakena, near Clonmel, where in the possession of the late Mrs. Newbold, there was a goose which by some accident was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gaunter or gossamer. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had a number of duck eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated, and, of course, the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker, her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, went certainly (being interpreted) meant, leave them to their care, she swam up on down with the ducklings; and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning, down came again the ducklings, the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great frustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose invited the hen, observing her maternal trouble, but it is a fact, that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event; day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good humor; numbers of people continued to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.—*Rev. C. Ottey's Intellectualty of Dumb Animals.*

## Ratline on Money.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore, money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man, is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like the best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save all the great deals of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him, that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

## An Angry Princess.

A tide of fierce invective seemed to well behind her lips, as she waits a river level with the dam ready to burst and flood the world with foam. And so she would have spoken, but there rose a hubbub in the court of half the maids. Gathered together from the blundering of long lanes of splendor slender as a press of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes. And rainbow robes, and gems and gentle eyes. And gold and golden heads; they to and fro fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale.

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All open-mouthed, all gazing to the light, some crying there was an army in the land, and some that men were in the very walls. And some that were not; till a clamor grew as of a new-born babe, when woman built. And were confounded; high above them stood The pharisee Muses, looking Pensive.

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Mr. Beaufoy had an interview with Lord just as he was setting off on his last expedition, and repeats the following passage from his conversation:—"I am accustomed," said Ledyard, "to hardship. I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet find power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."—*Ledyard's Life.*

## A Gentleman.

A quiet elderly gentleman found himself one of four travellers in a railway carriage. The other three were ladies, who talked from the beginning to the end of the journey, kept up, in fact, so long a conversation that it was exactly two hundred miles long. When nearly at the terminus, the most voluble of the ladies expressed a hope to the gentleman that the incessant colloquy had not disturbed him. "By no means, madam," (said he, politely,) "I have been married exactly twenty-five years."

## Abel-Kader—All for Love.

The following letter from Toulon contains, says the *Times*, some curious details upon the submission of Abel-Kader:

"Toulon, Jan. 19.—I have seen the Emir. It is quite a mistake that his eyes are black; they are of a decided gray, shaded by very long black eyelashes. He speaks very fluently, which is a proof of high distinction among the Arabs. What ever may be the reputation of Abel-Kader as a soldier, politician, or Mahometan priest, it is much greater as a literary man. He is said to be as learned as an Arab can be. Two leather trunks containing his library have always accompanied him, even during the last months that preceded his submission; they also made part of his personal baggage on board. But every one is ignorant of the real cause of his submission, which was love. He is another Antony."

After having endeavored with heroic courage to make a passage through the Moorish camp, he succeeded, with a considerable number of his followers, in so disengaging himself as to be able to gain the desert, but at the moment he was about to profit by the liberty this last *coup de main* gave him, he heard the firing which had reached his deira. Then, like the lion of the desert who sees his lioness entrapped and his cubs carried away, he retraced his steps and fell upon the Moors, with the rest of his faithful followers, whilst the cries of his wives, whose tents the enemy had commenced pillaging, excited his courage. Twice the Emir was rolled to the ground with his horse wounded under him, twice surrounded and seized, he released himself by his extraordinary agility, and gained a victory by hard fighting in the midst of a victorious retreat. The Moors, intoxicated with the desire of pillaging the deira, threw themselves in numbers upon this body of 4,000 old men, women, and children, defended by the Emir, surrounded only by his kinsfolk, aghas, buchagas, and the chiefs of his regular troops, and likewise in want of ammunition. Finally, after having left behind him a train of his friends and enemies' blood extending three leagues, he arrived upon his frontier, where, for the price of such an offence, he found no other alternative than a choice between two enemies. At last, abandoning this deira, which enclosed all his affections, to his generosity, he departed, in order to regain the South. After two nights' march, though certain of saving himself, his heart softened at the idea of his isolation, and preferring captivity with his friends, he returned to treat with us. If this man had not already conquered our esteem by the heroic struggle he has sustained against us during 15 years, every one here agrees in saying that the courage he has displayed in this last and supreme effort of his military career demands our deepest sympathy—provided, that history does not write upon his tomb, to his shame and the justification of England, 'He also came like Themistocles; but like Napoleon, he only found an implacable enemy.' The Emir is still confined in his sad prison. He reads the Koran, to his faithful followers. During the prayers they open the windows and make a large fire in the middle of the room. His mother cries, his wives sob, and he is almost broken-hearted."

## Rocky Mountain Trappers.

The trappers of the Rocky Mountains belong to a 'gens' more approximating to the primitive savage, than perhaps any other class of civilized men. Their lives being spent in the remote wilderness of the mountains, with no other companion than Nature herself, their habits and character assume a most singular cast of simplicity, mingled with ferocity, appearing to take coloring from the scenes and objects which surround them. Knowing no wants save those of nature, their sole care is to procure sufficient food to support life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from the rigorous climate. This, with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the expense of great peril and hardship. When engaged in their avocation, the natural instinct of primitive man is ever alive, for the purpose of guarding against danger, and the provision of necessary food.

## An Angry Princess.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life, with as little scruple, and as freely as they expose their own. Of laws, human or divine, they neither know, nor care to know. \* \* \* Strong, active, hardy as bears; daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what the uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life.—*Buxton's Adventures in Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains.*

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## An Angry Princess.

A quiet elderly gentleman found himself one of four travellers in a railway carriage. The other three were ladies, who talked from the beginning to the end of the journey, kept up, in fact, so long a conversation that it was exactly two hundred miles long. When nearly at the terminus, the most voluble of the ladies expressed a hope to the gentleman that the incessant colloquy had not disturbed him. "By no means, madam," (said he, politely,) "I have been married exactly twenty-five years."

## The Slughter of Animals, and Devotion to Humanity.

The practice of hunting wild animals for food engenders a disregard of animal life, which gradually extends to fellow human beings. All history will bear testimony to the fact, that hunters are men of violence, to Grantley Berkeley, who 'punches the heads' of peasants. It was our fortune, good or bad, to sojourn for a long period in sunny climes, amongst human tribes, half pastoral, half predatory, who lived on horseback, whose sole food was the flesh of 'recently slain animals, and their drink brackish water, their couch the grassy plain, and their roof the blue heaven. Lean, wiry, and little of body, with cat-like, half-sleepy eyes, and long black horse-looking hair, these people possessed the attributes of tigers, and they passed their time, half in sloth, and half in ferocity. Often witnessing, and sometimes compelled to join in the eating of half-roasted flesh, torn from an animal, just slain, and the mass still quivering, we have learned how, by slight degrees, refinement departs, and the mind becomes callous to horrors and bloodshed. The slightest word of provocation, and drawn knives to gratify revenge, the dried blood of the animal on the blade, mingling with the red torrent flowing from human veins, was a common occurrence. To dress wounds was an almost daily task, and at last a drudgery, from which even compassion shrunk. The gradual callousness of the natives of more civilized climes was remarkable. Wounds became a matter for mirth. On one occasion, encamped nighly, awaiting the attack of some hostile tribes, with bristling spears and prepared rifles, a native of Scotland, a mechanic of ordinary decent habits, tolerably educated, and possessing some five thousand pounds capital, entered into a conversation with us, calculating the strategy of their position, and the number that would be slain, all in the cool, quiet, guttural Saxon dialect denominated Lowland Scotch. And gliding from one subject to another, as easily as if discussing a chapter of Adam Smith, he thus went on:—'Wall, now, awan thinkin' that we've tried aint kinds o' flesh meat—bull and quoy and cauf, and horse and mule, and lion and deer, and ostrich and marmoset, and bees catcher, and your common swine—so when the fight is over, I should like to cut steaks from one of those brown devils of huguenots yonder to try what he eats like.' We looked at the speaker, thinking he jested, but it was no jest. It was simply a man of average intellect, and very coarse nerves, who stood before us, one, who by force of habit, might have obeyed moral laws, but too coldly practical ever to discover them for himself. He was merely going a little beyond the practices of his wild companions. They, albeit Christians, were in the habit of skinning their human foes to make horse-trappings of their hides; he, from curiosity, was desirous to taste their flesh. Possibly he might have called himself a Christian also. We did not ask him his descent, but it struck us that, after all, the story of Savary Beane might be no fable. Such a man, placed in a position where the only food was human flesh, would have made his experiment a habit, and would have enjoyed his cannibal meals with as much relish as a chief of the Feejee Islands.—*Westminster Review.*

## Lord Eldon Accused of Peaching.

An old friend of his has communicated to me the following story of the great danger in which the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain once was of being held up before a magistrate as a preacher. 'I heard that Lord Eldon was spending a few days with his friend, Mr. W., whose domain was very rural and pretty, but not extensive, and on calling on him there, I found him in his usual suit of black, with the addition of his well-known travelling topped boots, and with an old shot-belt over his shoulder. His countenance at once convinced me that he had something amusing to tell, and with an air of assumed alacrity, he related an adventure in which he had just played the principal part. 'Unfortunately crossed a lane in pursuit of my game, and in the second field from this lane I was accosted by a powerful and almost savage looking farmer, who challenged me as the poacher for whom he had long been looking. I at once acknowledged that I might have made a mistake as to his land, and offered to turn back immediately, but this did not at all pacify him, for, putting himself in front of me, he declared that I should not stir till he knew who I was and where to be found. I tried to evade giving a description of myself, by renewed offers of detestation and a promise not to return, but this did but increase his violence, and so I was at last forced to acknowledge that I was the Lord Chancellor, a communication which was so far from allaying his ire, that it did increase his fury, for, in language which looked very earnest, he swore that of all the impudent answers he ever got, mine would have laid hands on me if my tall footman (one of the finest young men I ever saw) had not come up to us and addressed me as my lord.'—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

## Night-Song on the Prairies.

The sky had been gradually overcast with leaden-colored clouds, until, when near sunset, it was one huge, inky mass of lurid darkness; the wind had suddenly lulled, and an unnatural calm, which so rarely heralds a storm in these tempestuous regions, succeeded. The ravens were winging their way towards the shelter of the timber, and the coyote was seen trotting quickly to cover, conscious of the coming storm. The black, threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind; and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom.

## Night-Song on the Prairies.

The clouds opened, and drove right in our faces a storm of driving snow; which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in.

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The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly; and how I lay there, feeling the blood freezing in my veins, and my bones, petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate deep—how, for hours, I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the snow would go down and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe.—*Buxton's Adventures in Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains.*

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